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ORIGINAL POETRY.

To southern bowers, through whose enchantering shades

The proud Potomac gaily sweeps along,

Olivia came—she left behind her

For in the North, where past her earliest days,

To linger for awhile among the bowers

And the warm hearts that greet the stranger there.

She gaz'd with new delight on all around,

Return'd the beaming smile of those who came

To bow her hand and charm her spirit there;

But two there were among this charming throng

Whom best Olivia lov'd—a joyous maid

Was one—whose eye yet brighter seem'd

Than skies of sunny day—within whose glance

Sparkled sparkling humour and whose cheering voice

Was ever warbling forth some merry song.

Or heard in jests that called the careless laugh

From all around—A gayer, warmer heart

Never throbb'd in any breast—Theresa was her name.

The other wore a feminine air, and seem'd

As if the life of life had sadden'd long

Her youthful spirit—while her deep blue eye

Glow'd with the softened tinge of stony skies

And often shone in tears; but of her voice

Was ever raised in song, she charmed them

Some strain of sad and tender melody—

When'er she spoke, the themes on which she

languish'd

Were those of love and grief—they often drew

Their feelings from other eyes which made

Her own so fully eloquent.

She was formed

To love and be beloved—Olivia was she call'd—

With these Olivia spent the liveliest day;

Whether in crowded hall she sat alone,

Or with Theresa 'mong the glittering group,

Or with Olivia listening to the strains

Of sweetest music from some tender lute—

Together they thro' Virginia's groves

Delighted stray'd—on Vernon's hallowed shades

By her wild shore—and thro' her meadows green,

Or dark unlaughing wood—they loved to linger—

Or at times to whisper o'er the names

In the decay'd pavilion e'eried there—

In the neglected lawn that lonely stands

To tell what Vernon was—or by the tomb,

The humble tomb on which the cedar wave,

And green ivy (roses) of rose—

How gay Theresa was in the bright hours!

Yet Olivia from her sparkling friend

Would turn to watch the shadows lingering yet

Upon Olivia's brow—these shades she strove

With anxious care to banish far away.

At times, with joy she saw around her lips

A smile was beaming—but with greater joy

She mark'd upon that cheek and pale, the tinge,

The true tinge of health and happiness.

And thus on "candle's wings" time past away—

The brilliant hours—while the cool zephyr's breath

Bore the soft fragrance of each flower along.

They parted—Olivia and her young Virginia

friends—

Oh! 'twas a sudden home—the sparkling eye

Of bright Theresa was sufficed in tears,

Her voice no longer heard on the ear

A mournful murmur in the sad "Farewell!"

Olivia did not weep—and tho' her tongue

Did utter nothing, yet her speaking glance

Hang on Olivia with such melting gaze,

And seem'd to say, "God bless you!"—Tears the

last

Last look Olivia had of those soft eyes—

They never met again!

Over the grave passed by vanished joys,

In silent sorrow pass'd Olivia then;

How bright, how beautiful was Potomac's wave

When last it met her gaze!—The setting sun

Found her on Chesapeake's purpled breast,

So she gaz'd upon that fatal light

Reflecting back from all those billows deep

The first tinge of heaven—when her home,

Her native home, with her loved kindred there,

Cer'd the vain shores of her heart—she ne'er

Forgot the shores she left—she often saw

When gay companions charm the social hour,

Olivia think with half depending gaze,

Upon her loved—her last Virginia friend.

SYLVIA.

MUSINGS.

Addressed to my esteemed Friend Drury.

Yes! human life is but a troubled sea

Or which little buds are rudely thrown—

Toss'd by the storms of care and misery,

To genial winds and smooth waves seldom

known.

Exposed to all where'er our course may be,

And so with sorrow's bound, as in a cove,

That but for some few flowers which bud me stay,

I could be well content to pass away.

The dread of death will make us much endure—

The fear to fathom the unknown profound—

Even tho' it promises to be a cure

For all the maladies which here surround—

The thought of what may follow breaks the lure

That would invite the wretched to the ground—

Points the cold grave in gloom's most sable hue,

And bids him still his weary path pursue.

Besides for me there are some hearts below,

From whom I would not yet to part.

Who are like me in the cup of woe,

A consolation to the drooping heart.

These had me to the world—I feel it so—

Yet not by any shroud and subtle art

Of human dealing—but that close knit tie

Which can the storms of time and change defy.

These are but few—few hearts of kindred mould,

The stream of friendship must compactly run,

And in a narrow channel—if it run

Over all within its sphere, the parching sun

Of show, would soon its shallowness unfold—

The man of many friends has often need—

Devoted love is weakened, and that soul

Has sought for one, who loves the whole.

There's some beings in this world of care

Who live as cheerily—for whom the day

Brings happiness in every busy air.

That round their lower of such finds its way:

Joy in their loon companion—such are rare,

And surely are not temper'd of such clay

As those are made of, o'er whose fated heads

Her poisoned dew the land of sorrow sheds.

Each heart its hidden bitterness will know,

And hush those may have their secret woe—

Tutoring their faces to a mournful show.

While their souls labour with overwhelming

throes.

Could we into their bosom's chambers go,

We might the growing culture there disclose,

Reading their peace—alas! how few there be,

That can escape the touch of misery!

Yet, were it not for adverse fates we meet,

The world has many pleasant things to give—

The varied scenes which nature spreads are sweet,

And could lend much would make it bliss to

live.

But as it is, in every joy we greet,

Alas! is still predominant—'tis strive

To van to find a pure, unmix'd delight,

Where all is wither'd with a general blight.

Then let the world go on—in vain to weep

For what we cannot alter—it is vain

To hope for quiet on the stormy deep.

Or look for pleasure 'midst a life of pain—

There may be some fond hopes, which ere the

sleep

Of death has come upon us we would gain—

But let them pass—when that deep slumber falls,

We'll little reck ambition's fondest calls.

RAVENSWOOD.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

ON FEMALE EMPLOYMENTS AND DUTIES.

We have considered employment as necessary

to preserve our minds in that happy state of equi-

librium which is essential to good humour; but we

might have taken a more enlarged and formidable

view of it, and described her effect upon the

extremes of society, where she appears the

close ally of dissipation and profligacy. A

perfect inactivity is repugnant to our natures; we

are made to move, and from the source of indol-

ence, and when we are not occupied in doing

what is right, our frail nature continually urges

us to do what is wrong.

With respect to employment, women are more

happily circumstanced than the other sex; the im-

portant and fatiguing avocations of men necessarily

impose seasons of inactivity; and unless among

the extremes of society, there are many hours in

a day which a man scarcely knows how to occupy.

That useful implement the needle, which is no in-

terruption to the conversation, which does not ab-

solutely chain down attention, and fatigues neither

from lassitude, at the same time that it is the

most valuable ally to economy, neatness, and

elegance. I do acknowledge, that some

times, when it gets into the hand of a profligate,

its productions deserve no better name than

lady's work; but the thorough housewife

would not exchange it for the census of Venus;

and she knows how to make it as powerful a tal-

isman to preserve conjugal esteem and domestic

order.

I think the goddesses all excell'd in the arts

of female industry, except the Hyacinth Dana; and

you know she always continued a spinster. The

heroine of old time shows us the loom and distaff,

and we are so generally attached to these occupa-

tions, that it is even recorded they sigh'd at being

called to look at martial beauty. The history of the

old Nautilus proves, that the operation of washing

cothens was not only venerable and salutary, but

also dignified. The goddess of Wisdom de-

scends from Olympus to order a Pinnace's repa-

ired the sails, and gives at the ostensible reason,

that such a housewife's occupation would expedite

her return to the nymphs.

I remember, that the task of the Ovidian to our

times, refined second rate elegants, who consider

housework as a more reproachable name than cour-

teship, reminding them at the same time that the

"Father of verse" and first of mortal bards has

immortalized that employment which they call

needle work. The regulation that I wish to

propose, relates to my own sisterhood. Suppose

an woman should be permitted to publish an essay

on industry, that she can produce a written certi-

cate that her own wardrobe is kept in perfect or-

der, and that she is a virtuous and industrious

she can prove (like the good wife in the proverb),

that she has clothed her household with the la-

bour of her hands. Some advantages would cer-

tainly result from such an ordinance; the cothens

of small wares might be kept in better order, the

writers, and the press of paper would be dimini-

shed by the press being only occupied with such

works as are not the labour of idleness.

But, ere we go into the interior classes of society,

female industry is not compelled to contend with

the competition of men. We are thought to be

the most industrious as well as the most honest of

man; and it is as much our duty to render our

contributions to the public, as to our families,

as it is to our personal exertions to combat every

thing with integrity and propriety. As the age

seems disposed to pay at least sufficient regard

to what are called accomplishments, some detailed

observations on female studies shall form the

subject of the letter.

When a competent stock of religious knowledge

has been acquired in early life, we may safely turn

our minds from the works of God, to the

most important press it upon mothers, that such

educational information as may insure stability of

principles, should precede all but an elementary

acquaintance with the sciences. Much injury is

in persons who have been pursuing the literary

order of instruction, for knowledge is es-

pecially apt to put up the mind of young students,

whose sensibilities are in their own power, to

many have been taught to rest in second causes,

and many have been confirmed by such an erroneous

application of abstract terms, as ascribes almost

divine powers to the passive instruments of the

Almighty. When we have learned to distinguish

between the Creator and creature, when we have

obtained sufficient knowledge of the limits of hu-

man's understanding, to become of putting our en-

quiries into those regions of obscurity, where reposes

the "God who beareth himself," when our faith is

too firmly built to be shaken by those difficulties

and objections which look at the threshold of sci-

ence, and prove dangerous stumbling blocks to

precipitation and self conceit, then and not till then,

we may attempt to become philosophers; for the

fruit of the tree of knowledge must not be gather-

ed in preference to the fruit of the tree of life.

Great caution should be used in the selection of

authors from which we receive scientific infor-

mation. French writers have, generally, a pleasant

method of conveying information; but many of

their works (as also several popular German pro-

ductions of this kind) are so interwoven with phi-

losophy, which is ever more apt to be obscured by

wit and elegance, than attentive to argumentative

deductions. My knowledge of the sciences is by

much too limited to permit me to state what books

would be most proper for a young man to read, who

would be most proper for a young man to read, who

would be most proper for a young man to read, who

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